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Memorial Day Number

RAY FREEMAN JENNEY
"A Memorial Day Sermon"

KARL K. QUIMBY
"First—Spiritual Disarmament"

RALPH W. SOCKMAN
"Dull Doorkeepers"

CARL S. PATTON
"Life Is Serious!"

G. RAY JORDAN
"Mothers and Children"

GEORGE A. FOWLER
"A Personal Pentecost"

RUSSELL J. CLINCHY
"A Memorial Day Prayer"

PREACHER PROBLEMS

EDGAR DE WITT JONES
"The Preacher's Vocabulary"

A Memorial Day Sermon

BY RAY FREEMAN JENNEY

Think on these things. Philippians 4:8.

TO OBSERVE great days like Independence day, Armistice day and Memorial day in the blatant and superficial fashion in which we are accustomed to celebrate them is a travesty on their sacred spirit and deeper meaning. Our pompous parading and surface sentimentality have all but stifled a vital truth which underlies each of them; a truth which Edmund Burke recognized when he said, "Society is a contract between the dead, the living and the great unborn."

Man is a time-binding creature. He alone has the ability to bind together the three tenses of life—past, present and future—which swim within his ken. Man, the time-binder, has memories; a past which conditions his present days and ways; a present experience, the hour in which he lives; and the blessing of a beckoning future which lures him on with an ageless hope in the unfulfilled possibilities of tomorrow.

It is a common fault of man, however, to specialize in one tense of life and to neglect the others. "We shall forget, we are forgetting already," said a soldier in Henri Barbusse's book "Under Fire." The author is describing the conversation of a group of soldiers at the front during the World War. "We are forgetting machines," continued the soldier, "Men are things that think a little but chiefly forget." "Ah," said another with his head pillowed in mud, "if we remembered, there wouldn't be any more war." "Lest we forget." That is the reason for the observance of Memorial day, a memory day.

This should be a day when we recall that "others have labored and we have entered into their labors." It is also a day when we recognize that we are debtors, and that our debt to the dead calls for payment in the present. Finally, it is a day on which we should as-

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sume our rightful responsibility for building a better world for tomorrow's "great unborn."

Man is more than a time-binder; he is a purpose-binding creature as well. That we are truly "members one of another," is recorded in scripture and in life. In a striking passage in the fifteenth chapter of I Corinthians, Paul asks the question, "Else what shall they do who are baptized for the dead?" Who are the dead? The writer of Hebrews, in that eleventh chapter which has been called "the Westminster Abbey of the Bible," tells us that they are "witnesses." He calls the roll of the great heroes and heroines of Israel, and when he has thrilled his listeners with the glorious tales of Israel's past, he turns to them and says in conclusion: "These all died having good report borne to them by their faith, but not having received the promises, God having reserved some better thing for us that they without us might not be made perfect."

A Cloud of Witnesses

We see in these prophetic utterances a message for our age. Our membership is with the dead, the living and the great unborn. The dead have failed, if we fail them. The great unborn will fail, if we fail them. Our generation is challenged this day by the unfulfilled promises and unfinished tasks of those who have gone before. We must "prove all things," and "hold fast to that which is good." Lincoln was well aware of this fundamental truth. In his immortal Gettysburg address, he recalled the deeds of the Civil War dead, and added this plea: "Let us here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain." Likewise, let our generation be reminded on this Memorial day that

> We have a tryst to keep
> With those who lie asleep,

"with that great cloud of witnesses" of the World War who number no less than thirteen million, and with the dead of all wars.

> For now you others who shall live
> Must do a harder thing than dying is;
> For you must think,
> And ghosts will drive you on.

The present engrosses us; the uncertain future perplexes us. It is a good thing to take long views of life as a great deal of our trouble is due to the lack of perspective. We need to develop a genius for looking back as well as looking forward. Driven by the ghosts of the past to think back through the more than fourteen years since the war, those of us who came back from France now know what war is.

Reluctantly we recall those delirious days of 1916 to 1918 when our idealism and Christian integrity were broken down by relentless propaganda on every side, by the war hysteria, and the fever of a blind patriotism which made classrooms and churches the recruiting places for that man-made Hell-War. Time and the consequences have stripped the mask away from war and some of us now see how futile, how unchristian and how damnable is the whole business. The ghosts of the past make some of us feel blood-guilty in the sight of God. In those mad days we rationalized our conduct by proclaiming that it was a "war to end war"; that we were participating in it in order to "make the world safe for democracy." How hollow and hypocritical those words sound to us today!

Lest we forget the lessons of the last war Memorial day should be spent not in reviewing veterans, military reserve corps and the R.O.T.C. on parade, but rather in passing in review through our minds that grim parade of thirteen million dead civilians, twenty million wounded men, ten million refugees, five million war orphans and nine million widows. It has been estimated by conservative authorities that thirty million perished from the after effects of the World War. Costly as are the immediate results of war, the economic aftermath of war is more appalling. In the midst of the most pitiful poverty and intense suffering we have ever experienced, a world all but bankrupt in its extreme necessity must remember that the last war cost us $215,000,000 per day. The world is being bled to death through its expenditures for past, present and future wars. According to the late Calvin Coolidge, the total cost in money of the last war was over 100 billion and the cost to the United States, 51 billion. Think what 51 billion dollars could do for our starving people today! At five percent it would give us an annual income of over two and a half billion, or enough to pension 2,125,000 aged workers. What constructive work could be done with an income of two and a half billion dollars to abolish poverty! President Hoover, in his speech to the International Chamber of Commerce in May, 1931, declared "the world expenditure on all arms is now nearly five billions of dollars yearly, an increase of about seventy percent over that previous to the World War." Our government spent last year out of our tax money $725,000,000 for purely military purposes—approximately two million dollars per day—and to what end?

Who Won the War?

Startling as it may sound, this day stands as a memorial to defeated men. This fact is obvious. "Who won the war?" No one. We all lost. A bankrupt world testifies to the tragic truth of this statement. Those of us who believe in a moral universe see clearly that war is not in the program of God. It is one of the problems of men of God. Neither was it ever conceived to be a part of the program of God that peace should come through waging war. "Not by power nor by might, but by my spirit, saith the Lord." For those of us who believe in a moral universe there is no escape from the inscrutable law, "Thou shalt not kill." In peace-time murder is a crime; in war-time murder is legalized and organized on a wholesale scale, then glorified.

> War
> I abhor;
> And yet how sweet
> The sound along the marching street
> Of drum and fife, and I forget
> Broken old mothers, and the whole
> Dark butchery without a soul.

Today we appreciate only too well the truth of Clemenceau's words: "Our difficult time is just approaching." The premier made this statement to a group of French senators who had waylaid him with congratulations a few days after the armistice was signed, and he went on to say, "It is harder to win peace than to win war." To play the role of peacemaker calls for more than pious resolutions, the singing of hymns of peace in our churches and wishful thinking on the part of peace lovers. It calls for more than sentimental statements like that which ex-President Harding made at the grave of the unknown soldier when he said, "It must never happen again." It requires an enlistment in another war from which there can be no discharge—a war on war. It calls for the investment of our time, thought, money and our lives, rather than the lives of others, in the waging of peace. Ah yes, as Mr. Hoover well said, "We must wage peace as men have waged war."

Ray Freeman Jenney

A realistic look at the world today is disheartening, for it reveals that we are engaged in the malicious business of preparing for bigger and better wars. Although war is universally hated, nevertheless the tendency is unmistakably away from instead of towards universal peace. The next war, if it comes, will mean "the end of civilization as we know it," to quote General Allenby, therefore we are faced with the stark necessity of becoming real peacemakers, both individually and collectively. The business of making peace calls for a program of education in action. Before we can disarm the nations, we must disarm men's minds of the jealousy, suspicion and greed which are the breeders of war; for if we have war in our hearts it does not matter much what materials we have in our hands. Recognizing that there can be no peace without security the nations of the world must substitute for the machinery of war a machinery of peace. We have been striving to prevent war. We must now strive to *make* peace. Finally, we must remove through universal disarmament the implements of warfare.

We must put peace into the mind of man. How can we do it? First, we must recognize the universal truth that "we are members one of another"; that our lives are interrelated though we come from the ends of the earth; that we must find a way of living harmoniously with one another in a world where science has herded us together, or else perish.

> New occasions teach new duties;
> Time makes ancient good uncouth;
> They must upward still and onward,
> Who would keep abreast of Truth.

Today teachers, preachers and leaders in other realms are faced with the task of educating the minds and emotions of children and adults everywhere for world citizenship. It is the task of poets, writers and publicists to educate public opinion toward peace through the medium of books, periodicals and the press. Also, the influence of motion pictures in this field is well recognized. "And soon we shall have thinkers in the place of fighters," to recall the words of Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

False Nationalism

Perhaps the first step in achieving this goal is to disarm people's minds of the falsehoods and nationalistic propaganda which are the mainstays of the war system. "In time of war the first casualty is always Truth." Precisely! And in time of peace Truth is exploited in the interests of war. Let us review briefly some of the prevalent myths about war which need to be exploded:

(1) The notion that war is inevitable, because you can't change human nature. Let it be remembered that slavery was once upheld as divine. In 1858 the Reverend W. G. Brownlow during the course of a debate with another minister declared: "Not only will I throughout this discussion openly and boldly take the ground that slavery as it exists in America ought to be perpetuated, but that slavery is an established and inevitable condition of human society. I will maintain the ground that God always intended the relation of master and slave to exist . . . that slavery having existed ever since the first organization of society, it will exist to the end of time." As for changing human nature, "it is human nature to change itself," says Dr. Hocking of Harvard. The only unchanging thing about human nature is its constant tendency to change.

(2) The argument of militarists that the best way to insure peace is to prepare for war, is discredited by the fact that military preparedness has never yet prevented a war. Security cannot be achieved through armaments. Long before the World War Bismarck said, "The stronger we are the more improbable is war." When the World War was over, Major General F. B. Maurice of the British General Staff de-

clared: "When I entered the British army I believed that the way to have peace was to be prepared for war. I now believe that if you prepare for war you get war." Sir Edward Grey in his memoirs says, "No enduring security can be found in competing armaments." Referring to the situation in the empire in 1914, he says: "Every country has been piling up armaments and perfecting preparations for war. The object in each case has been security. The effect has been precisely the opposite of what was intended or desired. Instead of a sense of security there has been produced a sense of fear . . . the sense of insecurity and fear caused by them—it was these that made war inevitable!" In times of peace, preparations for war have resulted in one thing—war. In times of peace we must prepare for peace.

(3) The contention that the United States needs to build up defensive armaments is an empty one in view of the fact that the United States has never yet engaged in a defensive war, since no nation has ever declared war on us.

Unless the ideal of a brotherhood of man is to remain forever a myth, rugged individualism and capitalistic imperialism must give place to the Golden Rule as the criterion of conduct among men and nations. Reckless economic rivalry must be replaced by intelligent economic cooperation. An enlarged and enlightened concept of patriotism must be substituted for the narrow brand of nationalism which is expressed in that blind slogan: "My country, right or wrong." We Americans must begin to see our nation as a unit in a cooperative world society seeking a higher destiny. "There is a new type of patriotism being evolved in all parts of the world," says Jane Addams, winner of the Nobel peace prize. "It is quite as devoted as the old type but it believes that certain humanitarian ends can only be achieved through cooperation between all nations and all races." The new patriotism is peace.

A Present Task

That the education of children for world peace is not enough, was made unmistakably plain by Miss Addams in an interview last winter. In reply to the question, "Do you think we should devote more time to educating children for world peace?" she made the startling answer: "No, I think the adults should do their own share of the world's work and not talk of educating a new generation for the tasks they're too lazy to do themselves. . . . The only way to educate children to world peace is to let them see adults accepting, instead of evading their own responsibilities. Peace work can't be left undone and turned over to the children. It must be done now. . . . Each generation must do its utmost to solve its own problems."

This brings us face to face with the question: What are we as individuals doing in the interests of world peace? What can we do? A practical program of action should include the following working suggestions: (1) An intelligent knowledge of world affairs, pertinent facts and figures concerning armaments and war debts. (2) Cooperation in all efforts to educate and organize public opinion through the medium of private conversations, public speeches, the signing of petitions such as that circulated by the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom prior to the opening of the disarmament conference in Geneva in February, 1932. (3) Supporting in every way the machinery of peace, such as the League of Nations and the World Court. (4) Registering with our representatives in Washington a protest against such measures as increased appropriations for armaments. (5) Affiliating with organizations actively engaged in promoting world peace. (6) Supporting all movements to implement the Kellogg-Briand pact and to make for progressive world disarmament.

A Challenge to Christians

Today the unfulfilled promise of "peace on earth" challenges in particular all of us who call ourselves Christians. We see in war and the war system the supreme denial of everything for which Jesus stood. "Is it justifiable for Christians to take part in war? Frankly, I do not think it is," said Major General John F. O'Ryan, before the Ohio Pastors' convention in January, 1929. "I shall enlist if another war comes," said he, "but I shall not try to reconcile it with Christian principles. I shall not pretend to take Christ with me into the war." No longer can we reconcile the teachings of Jesus with the war system. This day we must choose whom we will serve, the Moloch of War, or the God of Peace.

Today we should thank God that we live in a moral universe. If the great war which destroyed property and lives so ruthlessly, and disrupted the whole mode of civilized behavior, had come and gone and everything had continued as before, then truly we would have the right to think that we lived in "a mad, mad world," that integrity had gone out of the universe. Inspired are we, however, with the belief that "God hath provided some better thing concerning us, that apart from us they could not be made perfect."

Would that we Christians might respond to the ideal of Christian citizenship as heroically as did Charles Sumner when he said: "Not that I love country less, but humanity more, do I now and here plead the cause of a higher and truer patriotism. I cannot forget that we are men by a more sacred bond than we are citizens—that we are children of a common Father more than we are Americans."

The spirit of Christianity is not narrowly nationalistic but universally inclusive. Any consideration of a program of peace would be incomplete if it failed to take into account the life of Mahatma Gandhi. The living symbol of peace, Gandhi reveals that the way of peace is the way of love. "Some think me crazy, some a fool because of my love for my enemies, but it is the very foundation of my whole life's work and creed," he once said to a hostile deputation. "I have no weapon against you except love; let none take upon himself the duty of protecting me. God alone can do that."

It is Christ or chaos. "You Christians, in the name of God and for the sake of humanity, make my business needless." Thus pleaded the late General Tasker

H. Bliss, one time chief of staff of our armies. The time has come for us to translate into action our pious professions of "peace on earth and good will among men." If we fail in this we are worse than hypocrites . . . we are traitors to him who said, "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God."

First—Spiritual Disarmament

BY KARL K. QUIMBY

"God hath called us to peace." I Corinthians 7:15.

THE note of peace appears throughout the entire Bible. "The kingdom of God is peace." "Be at peace among yourselves." "God hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on the face of the earth." "The fruits of the spirit are love, joy, peace." "He is our peace." "God hath called us to peace." The Bible clearly calls us to peace both in its explicit word and in its deeper meaning. Peace is a great spiritual achievement. Are we ready for it?

In Geneva, Switzerland, there have been meeting the accredited representatives of sixty-four leading nations in a World Disarmament conference. What will be the outcome? No man knows. But, are we ready for peace? Have we the attitudes of mind and heart which make peace possible? Is there a place for the dove of peace to alight upon? Is there a fertile soil for the olive tree so that olive branches may grow in abundance? Has there been laid a secure foundation of world brotherhood in mutual understandings, genuine appreciations and fuller cooperation between the nations of the world? Have we put from our minds and hearts the antipathies which prevent peace? Here, it seems, is where we must first make progress. Spiritual disarmament must precede military disarmament!

I.

Before spiritual disarmament can be effective, we must abandon our attitudes of retaliation, with their implications of ultimate revenge. I never knew a matrimonial venture to succeed if husband and wife called each other bad names. Bishop McConnell, returning from Mexico a few years ago said, "We can never make peace with the Mexicans by shooting at them." David Lawrence, in a radio broadcast, asked if we were "blind to the necessity of a renaissance of the human spirit, an awakening—a new attitude of mind among individuals as well as nations!" Men are slowly beginning to realize that the present world depression is a direct product of war. We have erected too many barriers between peoples and nations. We have too many attitudes of hatred, retaliation and revenge.

We have our barriers of battleships and standing armies. These feed the suspicions of fear and jealousy. We have our barriers of tourists. Perhaps nothing would advance the peace of the world quite so much as for every American tourist to realize that he is an actual representative of all the people. When the tourist is abroad, his bumptiousness and loud-voiced bragging, already notorious, are imputed to our people as a whole. A false impression is made. The entire nation suffers from the misbehavior of its tourists. Our people are placed in an unworthy light, and wrong attitudes are created. Then, there are the tariffs. I am not an economist, yet I feel certain there are definite limits to all tariffs. They may destroy trade as well as foster it. Have you ever considered that the remarkable prosperity of America is due in large part to the fact that here is the largest free-trade area in the world! If every state had its own tariff, it would be impossible for the New York state farmer to market his apples in New Jersey without charging a prohibitory tariff. These barriers create friction, multiply difficulties, cause delays and throw an unreasonable strain on the already overburdened human nature.

The real enemies may be located, then, in the spiritual attitudes. War is born out of arrogance, greed, jealousy and vanity. These attitudes lie behind and are the fundamental causes of armed conflicts. The real causes of war are never the apparent occasions which serve as focusing points for the deeper passions and desires. The occasion of the Civil War was the firing on Fort Sumter, but the real cause was the whole problem of slavery and cotton. The occasion of the war with Spain was the sinking, in Havana harbor, of a United States battleship, but the real cause was the continued oppression of Spain in Cuba and the desire of this nation to enlarge its holdings in the Caribbean. The same situation obtained with regard to the World War. The murder of an archduke in an unknown Austrian town was the occasion, but the cause was the greed and jealousy of the nations seeking favored positions and commercial supremacy. It is out of these deeper problems in the basic attitudes of nations and peoples that we find the real causes of wars. It is, therefore, in these same areas that the teachings of Christ must be applied.

Jesus says, "Not retaliation but forgiveness." If thou bring thy gift to the altar and remember that thy brother hath aught against thee, leave there thy gift and go and be reconciled with thy brother; then come and offer thy gift." Forgiveness, not retaliation, makes for international concord. Nothing has made America an outstanding influence in the Far East comparable to the giving back of the Boxer indemnity to China as a fund for scholarships. That single act has been and still is an invaluable influence for good will. Not fighting forces, but forgiving processes make for peace.

II.

We must not only substitute our spirit of retaliation for that of forgiveness, but we must dress up our nationalism in the garments of humility rather than in arrogance. Since 1914 national egotisms have been everywhere fostered by the tides running in the world. Now, patriotism is one of the normal passions of man-

kind. But all other passions are subject to a strict supervision and are rigidly held in check by reason, judgment and the experience of the race. But not so the spirit of patriotism. Whoever restrains, curbs or speaks against patriotism is at once branded as lacking in proper devotion to his country. In the truly great nations of the world you will find this spirit of patriotism subjected to reason and discipline. Only in Italy and in Russia do you not dare to criticize the government. In England you may climb upon your soap box in Hyde Park and condemn the king and parliament and the local "Bobby" will see that no harm comes to you. That is free speech. That is subjecting the national life to wholesome discipline.

KARL K. QUIMBY

I often wonder just what Jesus had in mind when he said, "Blessed are the poor in spirit." The peace of the world will be secure when it is arrayed in the garments of humility and not in egotism!

III.

We must purge our souls of hatred. Jesus condemned hatred. "Whosoever is angry with his brother shall be in danger of the judgment." "If a man say, I love God, and hateth his own brother, he is a liar; for he that loveth not his own brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?" Jesus put hatred and murder together, two fruits of the same emotions. Hatred is like poison. When the passions are aroused, the glands are stimulated and they secrete into the blood stream poisonous fluids which weaken bodily tissues and accelerate the heart action. Anger is a physical liability as well as a spiritual problem. Just so, warfare feeds to the world anger and hatred. Propaganda is created to arouse the baser passions of men and stir whole nations to a fighting frenzy. Major General O'Ryan says: "Peoples generally prefer peace to war. They depart from this normal state only when stimulated to hate. It is perfectly feasible to arouse the millions of people of our country into a war fury by the expenditure of a few million dollars in well directed propaganda." These deleterious passions are deeply driven into consciousness in bayonet practice which is impossible without the accompanying attitudes of wrath and anger. It is these attitudes of hostility which penetrate more deeply than mere flesh wounds. This poison is like toxins causing rheumatism. They seep into the system, stiffening the muscles, congesting the joints and contaminating the tissues. Health is impaired and the cure is a long process. The further tragedy of this hatred is that it colors the minds and hearts of generations yet unborn. Go into our southland and discover, lingering there, the bitterness and antipathy generated over sixty years ago during the Civil War. Hatred is a barrier to peaceful relations. Therefore, it must go. We must purge our hearts of all hatred.

IV.

Finally, we must assert our spiritual brotherhood. It has been said that there is only one good thing in the world, "The Good Will." There is an American doctrine that where there is a will, there is also the way. We can make brotherhood regnant everywhere just as soon as we definitely determine to do it. All that is lacking is the Good Will. This will can readily strengthen the instruments of peace. General O'Ryan says, again: "I believe that the greatest contribution that can be made to world law, order and stability at this time is the adhesion of our government to world court membership." We must use the implements already at hand for the building of brotherhood. Why are we so hesitant, so cautious, so indifferent to these steps toward peace? We are all ready enough to take the risks of war, why not be equally brave and take the risks of peace?

God is calling us to peace. That means simply this —that as Christians, we must not hate; we must not fight; we must refrain from passing on the slander and propaganda still rampant in the world; we must pray for more love; we must refrain from speaking evil of our loved ones. Common intelligence and general decency are restraining us from gossip concerning individuals. We must apply the same practice to nations and seal our lips against prejudiced statements, half-truths and insulting remarks concerning other nations and peoples.

The ages are calling us to peace. Since the dawn of mankind, there has been an earnest desire to "beat our swords into ploughshares." All the ages have looked toward Geneva with the prayerful hope that their fond desires, long delayed, may at last be realized.

Those who have suffered are calling us to peace. Not only the ten million soldier dead, but the three

million presumed dead, the thirteen million dead civilians, the twenty million wounded, the ten million refugees, the three million prisoners of war, the nine million war orphans and the five million war widows. Seventy-three million souls, that already have suffered in the fires of war, are crying to Geneva today for the promise that it shall never be again!

The future is calling us to peace. In Boston is a police officer whose only son was celebrating his first birthday. On this happy occasion, the father presented his little son with a toy cannon. He took it in his chubby hand and looked at it wonderingly. There was a card attached and on this card was written, in the father's handwriting, "Your greatest task will be to conquer this." Can we do it? Yes, we can! Our resources are unlimited.

"Behold, I make all things new!" "I can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth me!" "I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me!" "I am with you unto the end!"

Dull Doorkeepers

BY RALPH W. SOCKMAN

Jesus saith unto him, Have I been so long time with you, and yet hast thou not known me, Philip? he that hath seen me hath seen the Father; and how sayest thou then, Shew us the Father? John 14:9.

The same came therefore to Philip, which was of Bethsaida of Galilee, and desired him, saying, Sir, we would see Jesus. John 12:21.

FOR the last few months my mind has been haunted by the question which our Lord put to his disciple Philip. It is so familiar that one hardly needs to say it is in the fourteenth chapter of John. It is this: "Have I been so long time with you and hast thou not known me, Philip?" The reason that question has been biting itself so sharply into my mind is that it was spoken shortly after the occasion when Philip was asked to introduce certain Greeks to Jesus. Those Greeks had come to him with the request, "Sir, we would see Jesus." And now this same Philip, whose function it had been to present these strangers to Christ, was being asked whether he himself really knew his Lord. "Have I been so long time with you and hast thou not known me, Philip?"

The question may well arrest our minds and put our souls on trial in these dark days. Are we who call ourselves Christians like Philip the original apostle, on that day—men whose business it is to make Christ known to others and yet whose blindness is such that we do not really know him ourselves? Are the divine doorkeepers deaf to what is inside? Are the spiritual watchmen asleep?

If so, never was such dullness of perception more disastrous, for never was the opportunity for introducing men to Christ more apparent. Our western world is peculiarly open to spiritual interpretations just now. Our people are sobered today as they have been only once before in the twentieth century. That was during the World War. But there is a marked difference in the temper between that day and this. When war was slaying our sons fifteen years ago, men did turn to prayer. Men did crowd the churches. Men did talk of God. But the mental sky of that day was clouded with bitterness and hatred. The unbrotherly spirit of that time was revealed by a certain famous American preacher who frequently put into his sermons and prayers this petition: "God damn the Huns!" And we thought it not profane but pious. In such an atmosphere of hatred an awakening of real religion was impossible. Consequently that spiritual revival about which men talked during the war did not come. Now, however, we are made serious again by another war—a war against poverty and suffering. And so far, our people are singularly free from bitterness toward one another. Sobered thus by our common suffering and mellowed by our mutual sympathies, we are open to the message of genuine religion as I think we have never been before in our generation. Not with the mere curiosity of academic questioning, but with the wistfulness of a desperate quest, our American society is looking toward any sources of help as did the Greeks of old who came saying, "We would see Jesus." In such an hour will we of the church hear from our Lord what Philip heard, "Have I been so long time with you and hast thou not known me?"

Jesus the Carpenter

First of all, our world is peculiarly open to see Jesus the Carpenter, for we are worried today as never before about our work. Up to three years ago we Americans thought we knew how to handle our work pretty well. We preached a gospel of hard work. It was very simple. We taught our boys and girls their trades and professions and then sent them forth saying, "Work hard and that will keep you out of mischief." Now we have come to see that hard work has caused some of our mischief. We have apparently done too much in some of the wrong directions, produced too many of the wrong products, with the result that our markets are stagnant and our channels of trade are choked. Now our kings of finance and our barons of industry are modestly looking around for guidance.

To tell our baffled business men that they must turn to Christ for help, at first sounds like futile piety. It seems about as impractical as trying to check a bank run with a prayer meeting or a stock exchange panic with a passage of scripture. To be sure, Jesus does not provide for us any economic formula or any concrete industrial program. But what he does give is a motive and spirit for our work, and while that may sound vague and indirect, let us ask ourselves whether it is not our most fundamental and practical necessity. The motivating principle of modern business is the mastering of men for the getting of things. The motivating principle of the Nazarene Carpenter was the mastering of things for the service of men. Unless we can shift our motives to the Christ plane,

can we make any of our economic systems work satisfactorily? Certainly we have not been Christian enough to make our capitalistic system work with any high degree of success. And personally I do not believe we are Christian enough to operate a socialistic or communistic system. Our selfishness would make any system unjust. To say this does not mean that changes of system must wait until there is a conversion of spirits. But it does mean that the two must be developed together. The spirit of the Nazarene Carpenter is necessary for the development of social cooperation, and without that there can be no business recovery.

William Jennings Bryan, whose ideas did not always strike me as sound, but whose motives were seemingly Christian, once asked his lyceum audience how much a man could honestly earn in a lifetime. Answering his own question, he put the amount at $100,000. He reached that figure by estimating an average salary at $3,000 a year and thirty-three years as a normal working lifetime. On that basis a man could honestly make $100,000 during his working years. Then, asked Mr. Bryan, could a man honestly earn a million dollars? Yes, he answered himself, he could earn a million dollars. Then he asked again, could a man honestly earn ten million dollars in a lifetime? And again he answered his own question in the affirmative; "for," said Mr. Bryan, "who could compute what a man like Lincoln or Pasteur or Edison was worth to the world?" "But," he added, "such men were so busy earning those values that they did not bother much about collecting the money for them." There in concrete form you have the contrast in spirit. Is our motive the earning of values or the collecting of money?

The Christ Motive

It is no mere empty piety but the most practical necessity which bids us consider the Christ motive in our work. But do we who call ourselves Christians really know Jesus the Carpenter? Does he make a difference in the way we do our own work? How often do we ever turn in our office chairs to ask what Christ would do in our situation? Granted that we can not now see through to the solution of our social problems, does Christ help us to do the duty that lies next at hand? These are the personal questions which we have to answer for ourselves while our economists are working out the large social patterns.

Studdert-Kennedy, that gallant little British chaplain who had a social viewpoint wide enough to compass large corporate problems and also a spiritual insight sharp enough to see the personal applications, once looked up from the baffling and bruising contacts of his work-a-day world and wrote these lines entitled, "The Carpenter":

I wonder what he charged for chairs at Nazareth
And did men try to beat him down
And boast about it in the town—
I bought it cheap for half-a-crown
From that mad Carpenter?
And did they promise and not pay,
Put it off to another day;
O, did they break his heart that way,
My Lord, the Carpenter?
I wonder did he have bad debts,
And did he know my fears and frets?
The gospel writer here forgets
To tell about the Carpenter.
But that's just what I want to know,
Ah! Christ in glory, here below
Men cheat and lie to one another so;
It's hard to be a carpenter.

Like Studdert-Kennedy, the workers of the world must look to the Master Workman of Nazareth not only for the spirit of social cooperation but also for the personal attitudes without which our larger programs will fail. Do we not hear him saying to us amid our idle workers and our smokeless stacks, "Have I been so long time with you and hast thou not known me?"

Jesus the Teacher

In the second place, our American society is peculiarly open to see Jesus the Teacher, for we are worried about our education. Education has been called the American passion. We like to think we are being educated. There may not be much evidence to support that statement but we have to respect the illusion. During the period from 1890 to 1920 our high school enrolment increased fifteen times as fast as our population grew and our colleges expanded seven times as fast.

But with all this expansion of schools there is not a thoughtful educator who is not seriously concerned about the adequacy of our educational program. One prominent university leader has characterized our college graduates in general as "blind followers of empty slogans." That may be too severe a criticism, but how true it is that many of our so-called educated persons do blindly follow the specious slogans which our demagogues shout so loosely. And even more serious is the inertia of the educated who follow no slogans into social action. An English university graduate said that he saw two defects in the alumni of his school: one was that they had no convictions—a state which they called moderation; and the other defect was that they had too many convictions—a condition which they called the balanced mind. We readily see what he meant. How often it happens that young people come out of our colleges with minds so passionless and cynical that they weigh nothing on either side of a civic or moral question. This inactivity of the intelligent is largely responsible for many of our social ills, for how long would corrupt politicians and vicious amusements poison our city life if the people who knew better would rise in their righteous indignation and do something about it? And still even more serious is the fact that our schools are turning out not merely blind followers of empty slogans but the clever followers of bad slogans. Let us not fool ourselves into thinking that our crime conditions are due to the illiterate and foreign-born among us. Crime is so subtly dangerous today because it has

enlisted some of the shrewdest brains developed by our schools.

When we think of all this we are reminded of the argument made by Rufus King in a celebrated school case: "Why should I be taxed to educate my neighbor's child when that education only makes the little rascal twice as dangerous as he was before?" That is a question which the taxpayers of our country in these hard times will be asking. Our educational program can justify itself before the bar of public opinion only by developing better characters—a fact which our best educators are now frankly facing.

RALPH W. SOCKMAN

That is why I assert we are now open to see Jesus the Teacher.

But what help do we get when we turn to the Teacher of the Galilean hills? To answer that question would require a volume. May I suggest, however, one signal contribution we get from Christ for our educational program—namely, a satisfying and centralizing purpose. Christian education is more than getting information about what is going on in the world. It is getting interpretation to show us where we are going on, and inspiration to keep us going on. Christian education should not be learning how to get ahead *of* others but how to get ahead *with* others.

A few years ago an alumnus of a great midwestern university went back to his alma mater to find out what effect the remarkable financial success of one of its students, Red Grange, had made on the student body. Mr. Grange had gone out from college and capitalized his football ability the first year for several times the salary of our nation's president. The reporting alumnus asked fifty boys on the campus what they thought of such a procedure. According to his report as published in a popular magazine the tenor of all the replies was as follows: "We come to college to learn how to make money, don't we? We think that by coming we get an edge on the fellows who don't come. Red's learned how to make it. Why shouldn't he make it?" I do not presume to say that such a report represents an accurate cross-section of the student mind in that university. But what I do say is that all too much our educational program is measured by the amount of money it enables its products to make.

Yes, let us be frank enough to admit that the dominant purpose of our schooling has been the sharpening of our acquisitive powers rather than the cultivation of our appreciative functions. It has been the training of youth for competition rather than for cooperation, with the result that both our business and our souls are being crucified today on the cross of competition. We have learned how to work but not how to work together. And hence millions of us can not work at all. All this has been done in a so-called Christian civilization studded with so-called Christian colleges. Truly, if we listen, we hear Jesus the Teacher say, "Have I been so long time with you and yet hast thou not known me?"

Jesus the Savior

There is a third and last aspect to our world's wistfulness. Our society is saying, "We would see Jesus the Savior." Our contemporaries are becoming concerned about the oldfashioned question of sin. A few years ago it was not so in the same degree. After the war, it was Bernard Shaw, was it not, who said that the modern man is not worrying about his sins. We thought in those sophisticated 1920's that we had found a new and softer substitute for the short and ugly word sin. Many of us believed that in new psychology we had found a new gospel and in the psychoanalyst we had discovered a new messiah. It was just about ten years ago that a celebrated little Frenchman by the name of Dr. Coué was visiting our country and leading crowds in repeating the magic formula which we had already learned, "Day by day in every way I am getting better and better." Many of us in the ministry preached sermons on the new movement. I recall that I delivered a Sunday evening series on the relation between religion and the new psychology. I almost feel that I should apologize for those sermons now. I would not have to apologize to very many, for I preached them on Sunday night. But I feel as if I should make some apology to myself. To be sure, there were valid elements in those psychological studies. They did much good in revealing the hidden potencies of our imagination, in straightening out the twisted threads of tangled complexes, and in channeling the deep drives of our unconscious mind. But the exaggerated promises of the "new psychology" have not been fulfilled. We have come to realize that we cannot recover spiritual health by mere mental massage.

The remedy must be more radical because the mal-

ady lies deeper. There is something in the world which can take a lad as clean as yours or mine and harden his nature until, cruel and criminal, he goes forth a gangster. That something, call it by whatever name we please, is the old fact of sin. There is something which can take a girl, beautiful and wholesome, expose her to the immoral weathering of certain social circles, and then leave her tarnished in mind and soiled in spirit. That something, call it by whatever name we please, is the old fact of sin. There is something which can send human beings hurling themselves at one another's throats like beasts every so often in fratricidal wars. That thing, call it by any soft term we please, is sin.

And we do not eradicate sin merely by psychoanalyzing our own individual minds. Sin has social roots whose removal requires organized religious effort. Sin has cosmic implications which require right readjustment with the "Power not ourselves that makes for righteousness." Sin has a grip which can be loosened only by him who is "able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us."

This is the point at which the religion of Christ supplements psychology. It puts us in touch with the "Power not ourselves which makes for righteousness." It seems that our baffled world is coming to recognize that some such power is essential. For this reason our society is open to see Jesus the Savior.

The Struggling Church

One Sunday morning last summer my boat put in at Mackinac Island. The schedule of sailing would not permit my attendance at divine service. But it did give me opportunity to sit for some time in the park surrounding the statue of Marquette, the great French missionary and explorer. The figure of Marquette is symbolic of strength in every line. As I gazed at the striking countenance and the commanding posture, I began to absorb a feeling of power. Turning my glance I looked across the park toward a little church almost under the shadow of the statue. The doors of that church were open for the eleven o'clock service, but although I watched until within five minutes of that hour, I did not see a single worshiper entering its doors. As I thought of that church seemingly so deserted by the summer throng, there came over me a sense of pity. Then the thought struck home, do I as a minister of religion represent something which impresses people with a sense of power as did Marquette or with a sense of pity as did that struggling little church?

There are multitudes in the passing crowd who do feel for the minister a sense of pity. They look upon the church as the representative of a losing cause. But the longer I associate with the church the more profoundly convinced I am that somewhere, somehow, it will yet recapture that power which was back of Marquette—the power of the Christ himself—and with that the church will go forth to master this wilderness of society as the old explorer mastered the wilderness of nature.

Life is Serious!

BY CARL S. PATTON

I have set before you life and death . . . therefore choose life. Deuteronomy 30:19.

I DO not have to argue that life is a serious matter. We often remark upon it, and we know it well enough when we say nothing about it. A serious affair.

We do not mean by this, of course, that it is a solemn affair. It has its solemn moments, to be sure. Socrates drinking the hemlock; Jesus before Pilate; Gregory putting the crown upon the head of Charlemagne; Washington taking command of the Continental army under the oak at Cambridge; Lincoln reading his Gettysburg Address and his Second Inaugural; Woodrow Wilson announcing that we can no longer keep the peace with Germany; these and others like them were solemn moments in the life of the world. Such moments bring a hush to the hearts of men. They open up doors within us out of which new fears and hopes issue. They are great moments in history.

Such solemn moments come to us in our personal lives. When you say good-bye to some old friend, and you know, and he knows, that you will never see him again; when your daughter comes to you and says there is a fellow she thinks is just right, and he feels the same about her, and they think maybe . . . . (and so on); when it comes over you for the first time that your children are grown up; when the doctor shakes his head and says, "One more attack like this and that will be the last of you"—O, there are plenty of solemn moments in the life of every man.

Solemn Moments

These solemn times are hard on us. So we take the edge off them as well as we can. When your boy starts off to college, you say something to him about taking care of himself, writing to his mother, and so on. But of how it will put you on the top of the world if he does well, and break your heart if he doesn't, you do not say a word. It's too solemn to talk about. Always, at a wedding, I notice how gay everybody is. Over in the corner there will be a woman who says nothing and whose eyes are shinier than they ought to be; she is thinking, I suppose, of a day in her own life like this one, of what she hoped from it and what she risked in it, and of the sad or bitter end of a voyage on which she embarked so lightly. There will be a man, maybe, who stands apart; thinking, also, without doubt. But for the rest, they are all gay—laughing, joking, poking fun, their voices pitched high. For a moment only, while the minister is speaking, they are quiet. Then the fun breaks out again. So what would naturally be a solemn occasion is turned into a gay one. It is largely, I suppose, a matter of unconscious self-defense. We couldn't stand it if we let it get as solemn as it would naturally be. Solemn times are difficult. They cost us too much. We can't afford many of them.

And we are not always wiser or better for being solemn—though it seems as though we should be. In 1903 Bertrand Russell wrote an essay entitled "A Free Man's Worship." It was a doleful performance and had much to say about "unyielding despair," an "inhuman world," "brief years," "vain regrets," and a "doom [so he said] that falls pitiless and dark." "We see," he said, "surrounding the narrow raft illumined by the flickering light of human comradeship, the dark ocean in whose rolling waves we toss for a brief hour" —and much more, with some that was even worse. Solemn? The average funeral is gay, compared to it.

CARL S. PATTON

But Mr. Russell is a wise man, and he has lived thirty years since then. And it is interesting to see how he felt about this essay when he reprinted it, two or three years ago, in his volume, "Mysticism and Logic." He says in his preface that he can still see a certain value in the mood expressed in "A Free Man's Worship" (which, I am bound to say, is more than some people who read it will see in it), but he adds: "I no longer regard solemnity as a means of attaining truth; observation of life shows one that solemn people are generally humbugs, and solemn moods also contain some humbugging quality. The purpose of solemnity is to override patent facts by means of an emotion felt to be admirable." In other words, if he hadn't allowed himself to be so terribly solemn he would have got nearer to the truth. I think so myself. We are suspicious of other people when they are too solemn. Why not of ourselves? Indeed, it is a comforting thought, that when we get too solemn perhaps we are only fooling ourselves.

Anyway, when we say that life is a serious matter we do not mean that it is a solemn one. It isn't. Unless we manufacture them, or hug them when they come, the solemn moments come but seldom, and soon pass. Life isn't a gay affair. But it comes nearer to that than it does to being a solemn one. It is both, by turns. But as a whole it is neither.

Life Serious, Not Sad

Much less, when we say that life is serious, do we mean that it is sad. There is some sadness in it, to be sure. But not much, compared with all the rest of it. When we come across sadness—or when it comes across us—we feel that it doesn't belong. So we set about to mend it, fix it, get rid of it. People are sad only when and because something has gone wrong. Those who are continually sad have somehow got themselves twisted so that they enjoy it. But sadness is one thing, and seriousness is another.

There is even a seriousness that is out of place, and marks people as abnormal. A reasonable lightheartedness is part of the equipment with which God sends people into the world. People who are too serious, always serious, serious about little things that do not matter, do not accomplish half so much as folks who pass a thousand little things by without even thinking of them. No naturally over-serious minded man ought to go into the ministry, for instance. There is enough in it to make the gayest man serious before he gets through. To start by being serious when there is nothing to be serious about is like starting a race with a thousand pounds on your back. I recall a man I knew in a college, to whom everything was serious. He left one gem in my memory that has stuck there for forty years. He said, in a class prayer-meeting, that he never did anything without asking himself if he could do it to the glory of God. And to illustrate he said, "When the dessert comes in I ask myself, 'Can I eat that piece of pie to the glory of God?' " Now think of that! Going through the world, pointing to every piece of pie, and thinking whether it would or would not contribute to the glory of God! Men who never stop to think about anything in particular, or who think about things that deserve to be thought about and leave the rest to instinct and nature will go ten times as far as one of these over-serious men. He is loaded down, fit to sink, from the start.

Amusement is Legitimate

It is because life easily gets too serious, that the business of providing amusement is one of the greatest businesses of the world. We don't go to the picture if we know it is a tragedy. If we find it is, we wait hopefully for the funnies, no matter how often they have also turned out in the past to be melancholy. We say in a tone of disgust, "People want to be amused." They want to be; and they have to be. Business men actually pay money for a card bearing the magic word, "Smile," and hang it up in the office. But if you should try to sell a motto reading, "Look serious," people would say, "We don't need that. We can do

that anyhow." Life is so serious that we have to have relief from it. And God means us to have. Lincoln was about as serious a man as ever lived. And he lived in serious times, with terribly serious responsibilities. And he wouldn't have lived through any of it if God hadn't graciously given him, side by side with the deep, deep seriousness of his great soul a power of mimicry, a fund of droll reminiscences, an eye for the funny, an almost uncanny power to turn every episode around and see some ludicrous side to it. And when his soul was burdened more than was endurable, down went his great hand into the miscellaneous bag of his memory, and brought up something to laugh at. That, also, is a gift that comes from God.

I may turn this around, and say that beneath the gayety of any funny man, if he amounts to anything, is always a great fund of seriousness. Whoever regards a man like Mark Twain as a mere joker has seen only the surface of him—and caught his words alone without the meaning beneath them. As Oliver Wendell Holmes said, "If a man has nothing in him but humor, he might better have been a monkey and stood at the head of his profession." The clown at the circus is usually a serious man around home. If he had nothing else to make him so, the very fact that he has to earn his living by making people laugh, and that people need to laugh so badly that they will pay him for it, is enough to make any man serious.

A Serious Affair

I come back, then, to what we mean by saying life is a serious business. We get a clue to it by the way we use the same word in other connections. We say you must not judge an artist by little pieces he has turned out incidentally, but by his serious work, meaning not his sad work, nor his solemn work, nor anything of that sort, but something of his that is worth while. When you say the damage to your car is nothing serious, you mean it can be easily fixed. But you say, "It was a serious mistake, a serious fault, a serious blunder." What you mean in all these instances is that it is, or is not, a thing from which grave consequences will flow. The consequences may be either good or bad. A business venture is serious, not merely because if it goes wrong you will lose money, but because if it goes well there will be a new house, and new clothes for the wife, and money in the bank. It is a serious matter to build a big new church. That means that if we spend more than we ought, or people do not pay us what they said they would, we shall be in a bad fix. But it also means that if everything goes well, we shall have a place that will delight the eyes, and refresh the souls, and remake the lives of men and women for years and years to come. It means that the consequences, either way, are big. It means that much is involved in it—much trouble if it goes wrong, much joy if it goes right, but either way, much.

Now something like that is what we mean when we say that life is a serious affair. It is a great enterprise. The most serious of all enterprises because the greatest in its possibilities, the biggest with consequences; everything is involved in it. We cannot always predict the consequences, or control the factors—that makes it all the more serious. But the consequences are incalculable, not because we can't foresee them, but because they are too many to be counted, and too big to be weighed; they are terribly bad, they are tremendously good. Now that is what we mean when we say that life is serious. And that, as simple matter of fact, is precisely what life is. We may hide it from ourselves for the moment. We may refuse to think of it. We may say, "I have thought enough about that, give me something else for a while." But all the time we know that that is exactly what life is—a thing of tremendous consequences, a serious affair.

A Way to Failure

There is therefore, naturally, one mood in which a man can come at life that is dead sure to make it a failure. That is the flippant, superior, frivolous, butterfly attitude. For when you say, in deeds if not in words, "There are no consequences; I may do what I will; it's a plaything, a joke, not a serious matter," you have denied the ultimate fact about it. When you can make yourself an educated man by saying that there is nothing to learn, or a good flyer by saying that there is no up and no down, or a safe driver by denying that there is any left or any right, then you can become a good and worthwhile man by coming at life in anything but a serious mood. Surrounded by serious people, engaged in serious business, we get worn out by it, till the coming along of somebody without an idea in his head is a great relief. For the moment, yes. As sleep is good, but the world is not made by people in their sleep; as rest is necessary, but no continents are discovered and no civilizations built by merely resting; so since life is, unquestionably, a serious affair, the only man who has half a chance to succeed at it is the man who comes at it as if it were, and not as if it were not.

The religion of our ancestors, and especially what we call Calvinism, has in recent years come in for many criticisms. But I want to say a good word for it. It had a hard note in it, without doubt. With its decrees and its election, its struggles with the powers of darkness, its agonizing for a personal salvation, its doubts and fears and uncertainties, its eternal punishment for the wicked and its eternal happiness for the good, it was too hard for us—and we congratulate ourselves that we have got rid of it. But there was one thing it certainly did for people; it taught them not to come at life like a kitten, or fool with it like a puppy, or to hover around it like a butterfly, but to treat it seriously. It gave every man to understand that he had in his keeping an immortal soul, and that it would make to him all the difference between heaven and hell, and not for today and tomorrow, but for all eternity, what he did with it. One magnificent and eternally true idea it did drive into the heads even of the thoughtless and spiritually lazy, the foundation

stone of all decent and worthwhile living—the idea that life is an affair of tremendous consequences, serious to the last degree. And if you have got rid of the religion of your ancestors, this conviction that lay at the bottom, and issued at the top, and ran through every fiber of it, you must have, or you are headed for the rocks.

High as heaven, deep as hell, indescribable for dreadfulness, and inexhaustible for blessing, are the issues of these lives of ours. To live heavily, solemnly, sadly, is to bury the treasure of life in a leaden casket. To live flippantly, carelessly, trivially, is to blow it away to the winds. But in such a world as this, how can any of us live other than seriously?

Mothers and Children

BY G. RAY JORDAN

I call to remembrance the unfeigned faith that is in thee, which dwelt . . . in thy mother Eunice. 2 *Timothy* 1:5.

MOTHER'S DAY is so new it still has a freshness about it. Only twenty-five years ago the first Mother's day service was held. But through these years the recognition of the day has spread until now over the entire country emphasis is laid upon the sentiment and significance of this special day. Probably there is not a town in the country where it is not observed in some way.

Even so, there is imminent danger that this observance may become just as formal as some other saints' days. Furthermore, another danger has already appeared. It is that the observance may deteriorate into an affair of superficial sentiment. If it does, there are many of us who will wish it had never been thought of as a special day.

But the fact is, we now face just such a danger. And our serious problem is: how shall we save Mother's day from becoming a regrettable feature of shallow emotionalism? Whatever else may be contained in the answer, this is surely involved: We must emphasize the duty-relationship of mothers to children. And this can not be entirely separated from that of fathers to children. Parental obligation must be stressed just as much as the gestures of appreciation which children should make to parents. Only those who are willing to assume the high responsibility of doing their duty toward them have any right to children.

I.

Motherhood involves much more than just becoming a parent, and Mother's day is much more than an emphatic reminder that children should thank mothers for giving birth to them. Genuine motherhood carries a far deeper significance. And it is about that I am thinking this morning. The animal world does not observe a Mother's day. Nothing below the human level will ever observe a Mother's day!

But there is more involved than simply the intellectual development of mankind. This is not the full explanation of human superiority. There are affections which lie too deep for utterance. It is this which impels true mothers to make one sacrifice after another for their children. They render a certain service because they recognize their responsibility, but of course this obligation is always looked upon as a happy privilege.

Naturally, real mothers want to associate with their children. I am not saying just how much time should be included in the week's schedule. This is a question to which no exact mathematical answer can be given. It is not a mechanical or legalistic matter. Only those who intelligently love their children will understand. But those who are wise know that thousands of troubles are avoided when the right kind of companionship is developed between parents and children.

Besides, if the job of being a mother is worth while, it is worth while because the finest sight under heaven is a noble person; and motherhood offers one of the privileges of lifting society by helping those who are immature to progress toward a richer experience and a nobler character.

Of course, many very practical matters are included in and suggested by this comradeship. We should try to understand our children. We should laugh *with* and not *at* them. We should sympathetically enter into their daily experiences. They are personalities, no matter how undeveloped; and they must be so respected and appreciated. If we would not provoke our children, we must help them realize that we are really interested in them and care for them. A little play *with* a son or a daughter may save some tears *about* them, or *over* them, later on.

Learning How To Be a Parent

This logically leads us to a second responsibility. It is that of helping and teaching our children. This is not easy. Indeed, it is most difficult. When literally hundreds of questions are being asked by an immature child, one sometimes feels like throwing up one's hands in surrender. "Don't ask so many questions, son. Curiosity killed a cat," said a mother to her boy. To which the boy replied: "What did the cat want to know, mother?" Exactly! For the only way one can learn is by asking and listening, by living and thinking.

Some of these questions having to do with life, its origin, its beginning, its meaning and purpose, are very difficult. One feels like dodging them. Patience and tact are required. But every parent ought to take time to learn how to be a parent. And, however you may explain why it should be, the very intimate relationship of mother and child does confer a special privilege. There are too many who, bringing children into the world, know scarcely anything about parenthood. This suggests a further reason why the industrial world must grant laborers a chance to study and learn and live. When mothers have to work at night, there is something wrong with society, and there is the certainty that this wrong will bear fruit in the warping of other lives. The Christian church ought

to be courageous enough to say this, and then demand a change—not merely for the sake of mothers, but also for the sake of those children who, in a few years, will be helping or hindering the progress of society.

There are obligations which cannot be escaped by any mother. Children come into the world without being asked whether they want to take the venture or not. We who are responsible for them being here, if we are fair, must do everything in our power to make them believe that the venture of life is worth while.

Further, we are obligated to be what we want our children to be. That does not mean that if you want

G. Ray Jordan

your boy to become a musician, you must be one. Of course not. It does mean, however, that we have no right to expect our children to be finer or truer or nobler or purer than we are. And the facts bear out the oft-made contention that, by and large, the influence of a mother is the most powerful in the home. When one who has been indulgent with intoxicants worries considerably over a son's heavy drinking, it is not merely foolish; from a very practical and human standpoint it is grossly unfair.

To be in character what you want your child to become—that is not easy; but how vital it is! Mothers can only grieve if they do their best to help their children, and then their children fail. They can only grieve, and pray and hope. But grief must turn to remorse when they themselves first collapse ethically and morally, and thus give their children ample reason for failure.

Consider also the vital importance of religion in this high task of being a mother. This naturally follows the matter about which we have been thinking. By nature children are religious. Though we may often observe much in their lives which seems to contradict this statement, there is a pronounced tendency toward religion in their very natures. They may be easily taught and certainly can be led to a finer and better life. In spite of the fact that some of them may depart from this better life as they grow older, it is the sacred obligation and the holy privilege of mothers to give them the proper direction when this may be effectively done. Surely parents have a right to children only as they can be some kind of spiritual blessing and benediction to them.

Indeed, to go one step further, parents have no right to expect their children to be more religious than they themselves are. There is one correct attitude, for instance, in regard to the church. It is this: "Come, let us go together!" Many mothers want their children to unite with the church and grow up in the church, when they themselves sustain no vital relationship to organized religion. Thus do they prove that, at least to some extent, they understand the value of the church. But there is only one way to insist upon church membership. It is to speak with the authority of experience and of appreciation which results from personal knowledge.

These are heavy responsibilities. But, so long as any service is viewed simply as a responsibility, it can never be joyfully rendered. For it is gracious and free only when it is bestowed happily. When, however, one has the kind of affection which abides deep in the heart one is entering into the meaning of motherhood. No condition or circumstance can alter this! It is this fact which makes it truly great.

II.

Of course, disappointments will often depress the truest of mothers. It would be unreasonable to close our eyes to these. But mothers do not give up just because of this. Real mothers and true fathers do not cease caring about their children because they are disappointed in them. Turgeneff has a deeply moving scene in his book, "Fathers and Children." Do you recall the departure of the son, an only child, so greatly beloved by Vasily Ivanitch and the comrade of his life? Read again those realistic sentences:

"Vasily Ivanitch, who only a few moments before had been bravely waving his handkerchief from the porch, dropped into a chair and drooped his head upon his breast. 'He has abandoned us,'—he stammered,—(talking about their son)—'abandoned us; he found it tiresome with us. Alone, solitary as a finger now, alone!' he repeated several times, and every time he thrust out his hand in front of him with the forefinger standing apart. Then Arina Vlasievna went up to him, and leaning her grey head against his grey head, she said: 'What is to be done, Vasya? A son is a slice cut off. He is like the falcon: when he would he flew hither, when he would he flew away; thou and I are like mushrooms on a hollow tree: we sit in a row and never stir from our places. Only I shall remain forever unalterable to thee, as thou wilt to me.'

"Vasily Ivanitch removed his hands from his face

and embraced his wife, his friend, as closely as he had embraced her in their youth."

Well, that is the disappointment of parenthood. But, you see, one does not cease caring because a child breaks one's heart! That's the reason these words could be written:

If I were damned in body and soul,
I know whose prayers would make me whole,
Mother o' mine, O Mother o' mine!

I am sure there were dark days in the life of Eunice, the mother of Timothy, days which tried her patience and her courage. But the significant thing is that a mother's love did not die. That devotion was so steadfast and so deeply religious, it fostered those accomplishments which are notable in the life of Timothy.

III.

Indeed, there are rewards for motherhood! Think of that Scotch boy, Robert Moffatt, trudging the highway with his mother years ago. He was going out into the world. At last his mother stopped because she could go no further. "Robert," she said, "promise me something!" "What?" asked the boy. "Promise me something!" said the mother again. The boy was thoroughly Scotch, as his mother. "You will have to tell me before I will promise." She said: "Robert, it is something you can easily do. Promise your mother?" He looked into her face and said: "Very well, mother, I will do anything you wish." She clasped her hands behind his head and pulled his face down close to hers, and said: "Robert, you are going out into a wicked world. Begin every day with God. Close every day with God." Then she kissed him. It was that kiss, says Moffatt, which made him a missionary. Joseph Parker says this: "When Robert Moffatt was added to the kingdom of God, a whole continent was added with him."

Motherhood does not always see such happy and far-reaching results, even when motherhood is true and genuine. But, no mother can live nobly without seeing some result of abiding worth!

But there is also something more; and that reward you and I can bestow today. It will not consist simply in a spoken or a written word of appreciation. That is good; but it is not good enough. We who are deeply grateful will add our influence toward fostering and cultivating the kind of social order in which motherhood can most effectively carry on its sacred task of character building. Such a dedication as this will keep our appreciation from being simply a thing of emotion!

It is not enough to say a kind word about the winsomeness of beautiful motherhood today. We will truly observe this day when as children we realize our holy privilege as builders of a social order in which

A Memorial Day Prayer

BY RUSSELL J. CLINCHY

O THOU ETERNAL SPIRIT, we are conscious that we are encompassed by a great cloud of witnesses, the great host of those who have laid down happy and beautiful lives that others might live. We are grateful for this special day of memory on which we consider again the sacrifice of these lads who gallantly gave their lives away ere life for them had hardly begun.

But we contemplate their sacrifice with penitent hearts, for we well know how often it has been the blindness and foolishness of those who loved power and greed which called the youth of the world out to slaughter. Yet we remember the spirit in which the young men of the ages, who themselves had no part in these things, answered the call to forget themselves and to give all that they had for the sake of the country that called them. If they did not fathom the reason, if it was not possible for them to understand why men in high places failed to create ways of peace, if it could never be made clear to them why such sacrifice should be asked so continually, they did know that greater love hath no man than this, that a man will lay down his life for his friend.

O God our Father, Thou hast been long patient with our failure, but we pray Thee that we may not try Thy patience much longer. Forgive us for our blindness, our heedlessness of high and holy values, our misunderstanding of the course of history, and our willingness to play with the toys of the present, rather than to re-fashion the future. These are the ways which have brought us to disaster. May we no longer call upon the best youth of the world to redeem our mistakes.

May the spirit of self-sacrifice in which the young men of the ages have gone forth to battle take possession of the councils of the nations, that those who lead shall call upon the peoples of the world, not to strive for self-aggrandizement, but to work together for a truly brotherly world. Help us to link the ways of life for which men are willing to die with the high and holy concerns of more just and righteous living, and may we call young men forth not to destroy each other but to cooperate with one another; not to selfishly consider one part of humanity, but to suffer unselfishly for all humanity.

Call us to that kind of sacrificial living and dying, O God, and grant unto all of us who still know the beauty of life the realization that we have been bought with a great price—the blood of gallant youth who loved life dearly.

May the youth of the future hear the call to build a new world wherein the former things shall have passed away, and in which love shall be triumphant, and good will be eternally enthroned. Amen.

all true mothers exhibit the quality of deep and abiding grace. There is a reward of motherhood which is in our power as children to give. It is the influence of lives committed to the highest for the sake of our mothers who taught us the best we know. When we thus portray our devotion, there will be reason in this kind of verbal expression:

There is no name to me so dear,
No name on earth so sweet to hear,
No name that fills my life with cheer
Like that dear name of mother.

There is only one thing to which the truest devotion can ultimately lead. We shall give our hearts to the Love which created Mother Love. This is both the reward of motherhood and the reward of him who made motherhood possible.

And so, we shall not merely sing the words of George Matheson; we shall also make his high dedication to Eternal Love our very own! In the breadth of its sweep, it is the one adequate gesture of appreciation to make for mother's love!

O Love that wilt not let me go,
I rest my weary soul in thee;
I give thee back the life I owe,
That in thine ocean depths its flow
May richer, fuller be.

A Personal Pentecost

BY GEORGE A. FOWLER

I will pour out my spirit upon all flesh. Acts 2:17.

THAT strange experience by which men found God in transforming intimacy and power, therein the upper room at Pentecost, is not merely some far off historical event, past, and never to be repeated, but through the years, and even today, that mystic power is available to all who earnestly seek it. Look into the lives of modern disciples who have set other hearts to yearning for Christ, and what is the secret of power? This, certainly, that each has known a Pentecost. God was not merely with them, he was *in* them.

Take this word out of the experience of Charles G. Finney: "As I turned and was about to take a seat by the fire, I received a mighty baptism of the Holy Ghost. . . . No words can express the wonderful love that was shed abroad in my heart. I wept aloud for joy and love; and I do not know but I should say I literally bellowed out the unutterable gushings of my heart." Or think for a moment on the testimony of Mrs. Edwards, wife of the famous preacher, Jonathan Edwards. She said: "Last night was the sweetest night I ever had in my life. . . . I seemed to myself to perceive a glow of divine love come down from the heart of Christ in heaven into my own heart, in a constant stream, like a stream or pencil of sweet light. . . . I think that which I felt each minute was worth more than all the outward comfort and pleasure which I had enjoyed in my whole life put together."

Horace Bushnell had a similar experience. It is recorded: "One February morning, Bushnell's wife awoke to hear that the light for which he had waited had come. She asked: 'What have you seen?' He replied: 'The gospel.' It came to him at last, not as something reasoned out, but as an inspiration—a revelation from the mind of God himself. He said: 'I seemed to pass a boundary. I had been very legal in my Christian life, but now I passed from these partial seeings, glimpses, doubts, into a clearer knowledge of God and into his inspirations, which I have never wholly lost'."

How shall we—how can we—account for men like Wesley, Moody and Stanley Jones, apart from a visitation of Pentecostal power? These dynamic personalities are ever speaking to us of the validity of a personal Pentecost. They proclaim to us that there is something better ahead for each of us. We, too, may know in fuller measure than we have ever known, the sweep, the beauty, the peace, the persuasive power that comes to those who earnestly seek, and patiently await, the outpouring of the Spirit.

But just how is this experience to be realized by the individual? It shall be with us pretty much as it was with those early disciples.

I. They Believed Mightily in Jesus

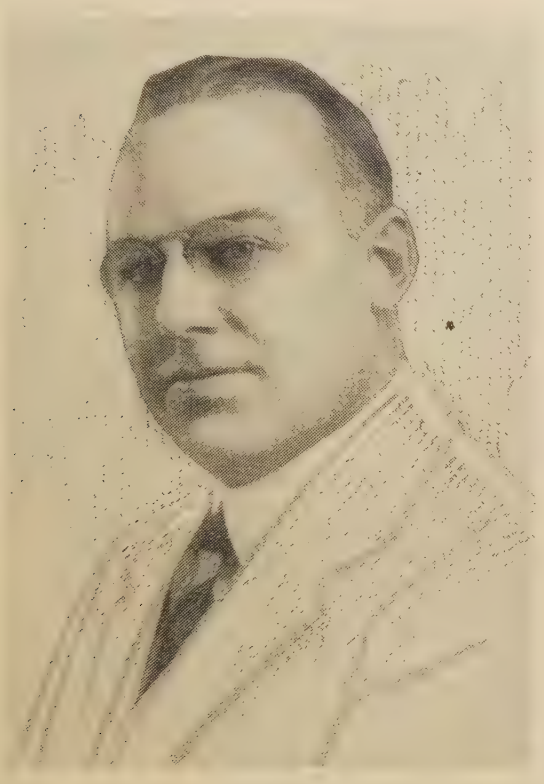
I touch here a point that is basic in all Christian experience. Many of us are weak in the matter of belief—belief in its many ramifications. I put this down as absolute, that we will never know the meaning of Pentecostal power if we are weak at the point of belief, and particularly if we are weak in our belief about Jesus Christ as the Savior of men. To say that many of us are in a sadly muddled state of mind, is to say nothing new. It might help us to remember that the confusion which is at present manifest in the realm of religion is manifest everywhere else. In medicine, in education, in politics there are clamant voices for certain pet theories and the result is a sadly confused state. My contention is that, in the realm of religion, some of us have got to take whatever risk is involved, and stand for something, even at the risk of being considered narrow.

I take my stand with Jesus as the Son of God; the Son of God active in the world today moving upon the hearts of men just as certainly as he ever moved upon them. The Son of God the only adequate answer to the heart hunger of humanity. The only one of whom it can be said: "Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world." The early disciples believed mightily in Jesus and, as they obeyed his commands, the power fell. We, too, must believe mightily in Jesus. If we do not so believe in Jesus we cannot manifest that power.

Stanley Jones has put it very beautifully and very adequately, I think, when he says: "Someone has described a Christian as 'a long falling in love with God.' If love is to be the center of our relationship, then how do we fall in love with God? Well, how do we fall in love with anyone? The first step is a drawing near, for, as has been said, 'Propinquity is the soul of love.' Nearness, then, seems to be necessary to love. Nearness, then, leads to self-surrender.

Nothing has been weighed out or measured, but heart has been given to heart and each known that he or she belongs to the other. Out of that self-surrender faith emerges. The atmosphere becomes one of trust. Trust, then, becomes the medium through which life and thought can be communicated to each other. Finally, in addition to the initial self-surrender, there is a continuous adjustment of mind and purpose and life. The steps, then, seem to be these: A drawing near; self-surrender; trust; continuous adjustment."

That was the procedure of those early disciples, upon whom the power fell, and in whom it was constantly manifest. That same procedure today, on our part, will bring similar results. A Pentecost—our



George A. Fowler

personal Pentecost—in proportion as we give ourselves in prayer and in self-surrender; in proportion to our faith, our readiness constantly to adjust to God, in that proportion will we know victorious spiritual living and life bring its daily Pentecosts.

It is at the point of belief, I say, that many Christians are weak. We are weak at that point, I take it, because we have put too much dependence upon the purely intellectual apprehension of God. At every Pentecost something happens which no intellectual process can adequately explain. Time was when the emotional phases of Christian expression may have been overemphasized. Today we seem to have gone to the other extreme.

We would do well to remember a word of caution spoken by Dr. Hutton: "Belief can never be thrust into a life by force or argument or discussion; in the last resort, belief rests upon certain personal secrets which lead a man to embrace such proofs as are offered. In the same way, the denial of God—for denial, and not doubt, is the contrary to belief—(the denial of God) arises if you inquire carefully, or if you could see below the surface—from a certain stiffness and rebelliousness; and this attitude has been brought about by the events of a man's own personal history. We make a serious mistake if we suppose that unbelief comes about, in a majority of cases, as a result of intellectual difficulties. The most, and worst, that such difficulties can produce in an ingenious mind is perhaps doubt. But denial—the harsh and dogged opposition to the ideal or spiritual view of human existence—arises within a man, I must believe, because of experiences in the region of his emotions. Perhaps in his youth he dreamed a dream but the world mocked him and so he determined to dream no more. Or he aimed at something and he missed it; or he trusted a friend and was betrayed. Or he loved a woman and she broke her word or he broke his. Or death snatched his young wife from his newly lighted home, and the light that was in him became darkness. It is life, it is experience, which inclines the heart to faith or denial, and those are some of the bitter things which, unless we are on our guard, poison the roots of our life, so that a man needs to be born again, the hard crust of atheism needs to be broken up by some still more acute distress, or by some amazingly good thing before he can believe God."

And so, I say, the modern disciple may not be able to climb the stairs of intellectual heights and open the doors to the many perplexing mysteries of life, but he can meet kindred souls at the heart center. Jesus did that. He did not answer all their eager questions. Better, he was their abiding friend and companion. No one ever doubted his interest in people. We should not minimize the importance of ideas, and our interest in them. On the other hand, we should show an increasing interest in people. "We must know them, think with their thoughts, understand their outlook, put ourselves resolutely in their place." Like the prophet Ezekiel who went to speak to the exiles in Babylon, we must take our place among the people. He said: "I went down by the river and I sat where they sat." It is the one way the modern disciples may set the Pentecostal fires burning in other hearts. Lord Acton says of George Eliot: "She had the secret not only of reading the diverse hearts of man but of creeping into their skins, watching the world with their eyes, feeling the latent background of conviction, discerning theory and habit; and having obtained this experience, recovering her independence." What limit is there to the range of our possibilities when our sympathies are honestly kindled and wisely directed?

II. The Pentecostal Blessing Roots in a Sense of Need

We, today, are weak because we have lost that sense. We are self-sufficient. Our progress, our comforts, our material advantages—developed, we think, through human ingenuity—have made us independent of God. More than that, the whole moral founda-

tions about us have been shaken almost to destruction by this new freedom that has in it the death of every high and holy ideal. The voice of authority today is the call of desire. According to the most vociferous and most dangerous of the modern independent cult: "Nothing is right or wrong but thinking makes it so." And every day we stand in the uncomfortable place of tragedy, forced to witness spiritual death, the moral disintegration, the crumbling of the home, the impotence of the church, largely because of a false sense of self-sufficiency. There will be no personal Pentecost until we recover a personal sense of need.

And, may I say, *one* of the great needs of this present hour is the need of recognizing again the tremendous fact of sin. And for sin, only God is adequate. Those early disciples knew something was wrong with the world. It was sin. They had the remedy, it was Christ. No wonder they went up and down among the needy, enthusiastically claiming to redeem and save them. They proved the power of the gospel as they applied it to the hearts of sinful men. And, as they did it, the fires burned anew in their own hearts. I keep asking myself if I actually believe this. If there is one sin the modern disciples should pray to be delivered from, it is the sin of *seeming*. Are the things we profess a reality in our own lives? Is it ever true of us that "when principles we have advocated must be put into action we may make the discovery that, in spite of our vehement desire that other people should believe in them, we never believed in them ourselves?" We speak of Christ and his great love; we speak of his power to deliver us from our besetting sin, and to make us more than conquerors, but are we speaking only words, or are we very sure this is true? Dante, in his Paradise, tells how he had been giving an eloquent description of faith in answer to a question when his mentor replied:

> Current is the coin
> Thou utterest, both in weight and in alloy.
> But tell me, if thou hast it in thy purse.

There will be no Pentecost for you, and none for me, unless we feel our need of him, before the brightness of whose character the sins of mankind stand out in all their hideousness. Recover the lost sense of sin to men, and who shall say but what they shall cry again, for the only power adequate to cope with it—the power that comes at Pentecost.

III. The Spirit of Pentecost is Kept Alive By Strenuous Work

The promise to the disciples, you remember, was: "Ye shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost has come upon you: and ye shall be witnesses unto me—." How true it was! Surcharged by that strange new power they went everywhere proclaiming the good news. No task was too difficult; no obstacle seemed insurmountable. Their enthusiasm was the enthusiasm of love. They dared because they knew Jesus was with them. They could not fail. And the time was when we, too, were on fire like that. In those first radiant days when we were first captured for Christ and the church, how we were stirred to the depths! How complete our surrender, how unstinted our labor, how heroic our sacrifice!—but the passage of the years, for some of us Christians, has brought changes. The holy fire has burned to dull embers. Every pastor knows that many of yesterday's stalwarts in the faith are not even ghosts of themselves. The fire is out. They let it die. They were inactive. We all know that "impression minus expression equals depression." How true it is that "No virtue is safe that is not enthusiastic, no heart is pure that is not passionate, no Christianity is Christian that is not Christianizing."

In my own soul I feel the fires burning when I am out trying to kindle them in the heart of another. I know that others will have a similar experience, therefore I am encouraging personal work among my own people. It assures their own spiritual life. It builds the church. It can be done. It is an enterprise in which Jesus himself is interested, and which he works with the earnest disciple.

Dr. John Timothy Stone gives this testimony: "A few weeks ago we had a young man speak in our church. He is a Jewish Italian, and was reared in the Jewish faith. As he grew to manhood he lost all his faith and became the rankest kind of an atheist. He was an extremist in every way. One night he was giving a soapbox lecture over at Washington Square. A certain gentleman heard him and said to himself: 'That man has a brain, and I am going to talk to him and be his friend.' Most of us would have been annoyed and thought, 'Why can't somebody silence him?' He went up and put his hand on the lad's shoulder and said, 'Say, my boy, I wish you knew my friend, Jesus Christ. I mean that, too. I used to be an unbeliever myself. I have listened to you—you have a lot of talent—won't you come on over and eat a meal with me? I want to talk to you.' They went over and his new-found friend began to talk to the lad about Jesus Christ, and said: 'You have lost your balance. Jesus Christ is the greatest force in this world. Saul of Tarsus certainly felt toward the new "imposter," as they called him, just the way you feel, but if Jesus takes hold of you, you will have the greatest friend you have had in your life'."

That young man is now one of the finest preachers on the west side of Chicago. He went to college and through the seminary. He won eighty people to Christ last year. And when a modern Christian is about that business, the Pentecostal fire burns.

Resurrection

IN this brown seed, so dry and hard,
I see a flower in my door yard.
You, chrysalis in winding sheet,
Are butterfly all dainty sweet.
All life is warmed by spring's sweet breath,
And Christ our Lord has conquered death.

AGNES W. STORER.

Timely Verse

Peace on Earth

THE men of the earth said: "We must war
As the men of the earth have warred;
'Tis ours to wield on the battlefield
The unrelenting sword."
But they who had seen the valiant die,
The fathers of men, they answered, "Why?"

The men of the earth said: "We must arm,
For so we would reveal
The nobler part of the human heart,
The love of the nation's weal."
But they who had sung their lullaby,
The mothers of men, they answered, "Why?"

The men of the earth said: "We must fight,
For so the fit survive;
By the jungle law of fang and claw
The strong are kept alive."
But a crippled, cankered progeny,
The sons of the fighters, answered, "Why?"

The men of the earth said: "We must fall,
And falling build the road
O'er which the race with quickening pace
Can find its way to God."
But down from a Cross uplifted high,
The Savior of men, He answered, "Why?"

ROBERT FREEMAN.

Faith of Our Mothers

FAITH of our mothers, living faith,
In cradle song and bedtime prayer,
In nursery love and fireside lore,
Thy presence still pervades the air;
Faith of our mothers, living faith,
We will be true to thee till death.

Faith of our mothers, guiding faith,
For youthful longing, youthful doubt,
How blurred our vision, blind our way,
Thy providential care without;
Faith of our mothers, guiding faith,
We will be true to thee till death.

Faith of our mothers, guiding faith,
In truth beyond our man-made creeds,
Still save the home and save the church,
And breathe thy spirit through our deeds;
Faith of our mothers, Christian faith,
We will be true to thee till death.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

Duty

WHEN Duty comes a-knocking at your gate,
Welcome him in; for if you bid him wait,
He will depart only to come once more,
And bring seven other duties to your door.

EDWIN MARKHAM.

Voice

YOU in whose veins runs the fire of loving,
For people, for plants, for little animals,
For rocks and earth, stars and the elements,
You have a secret Voice, always singing.
It is never still. It runs with your haste
And idles in your silence. It is everywhere.

O you, for whom this passionate Voice sings
And will not be silent, think now of those
For whom no voice sounds. Of those who toil
Without the singing voice,
And live in a world which has not yet come through
Into your world.

Oh, can you not hear that the song your Voice is singing
Is the song which is to bring that world of theirs
Into the light which must light all men?

Why else do you imagine that this Voice is singing?
Why else do you imagine that the fire of love
Runs in your veins?

ZONA GALE.

The New Song

POET, take up your lyre;
No more shall warlike fire
Inflame the earth and sea;
Cease from your martial strain,
Sing songs of peace again,
Sing of a world set free.

No more sing fear and hate
While armies devastate,
Nor boast of foes withstood;
Let mercy be your theme,
Renew the old, fair dream
Of human brotherhood.

No more the trumpet blast
Shall call to conflict fast,
The flame of war grows pale;
Sing, Poet, God-inspired,
Till all the world is fired
With love that shall not fail.

THOMAS CURTIS CLARK.

Two Trails

THERE is room in the halls of pleasure
For a long and lordly train,
But one by one we must all file on
Through the narrow aisles of pain.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

The Preacher's Vocabulary

By Edgar DeWitt Jones

IT was said of Wendell Phillips, one of the supreme American orators, that it was impossible for him to make a grammatical error, so thoroughly grounded was he in the fundamentals of syntax and phrasing. Of Henry Ward Beecher, "the Shakespeare of the pulpit," it was reported that at the close of a masterful address, a newspaper man who had taken the speech down pointed out half a dozen errors to Beecher, whereupon the famed minister of Plymouth church smiled broadly and replied, "My boy, when I am in earnest I never let a little thing like the English language get in my way." The likelihood is that both stories are apocryphal, but whether so or not, one may believe that now and then in the midst of myriad speeches, even a Wendell Phillips slurred a construction or omitted a connective, and that the eloquent Beecher's grammatical errors were very few and widely separated. For both men were masters of choice diction, both paid attention to literary style, both possessed distinguished vocabularies.

• *Beware of Verbal Carelessness*

Of those whose vocations have intimately to do with public speaking, lawyers and preachers are the most sorely tempted to verbal carelessness, largely because they speak so often. The professional lecturer masters his few speeches through painstaking preparation, and delivers them with finish, ease and power. The after-dinner speaker's anecdotes and lightsome patter conceal his meager vocabulary, if such be his misfortune, while the speaker on stated occasions comes fresh from his study with much expected, speaks amid inspiring surroundings, and rarely disappoints. It is the frequent speaker who is apt to grow careless and to trust to luck or the substitution of oratorical vehemence to offset his slovenly sentences and commonplace vocabulary. No speaker can be sure of a reasonably good vocabulary unless he has somewhere paid the price of acquiring a knowledge of words and perfected himself in their use. One of my frends who is an expert in such matters advises all public speakers to "become chummy with their dictionaries." The advice is excellent.

The late Senator John J. Ingalls was noted for his beauty of diction and extensive vocabulary. Some of his famous epigrams still survive. When the senator was asked how he acquired such precision and felicity of language, he answered, "By daily study of the dictionary for twenty-five years." The scintillating vocabulary of Woodrow Wilson, the beautiful diction of Joseph Fort Newton, the flashing rhetoric of Lynn Harold Hough, the almost flawless sermonic style of John Henry Jowett, the amazing fluency of S. Parkes Cadman, were accomplishments of wide reading, much writing, painstaking

Edgar DeWitt Jones

study, and persistent practice, coupled in some instances with a natural flair for rhetorical artistry.

Now the preacher is not primarily a rhetorician or orator, but of all public speakers he should be the last to ignore or belittle excellent diction, proper discrimination in the use of synonyms, and a vocabulary sufficiently large and varied to meet every sermonic necessity. Most of the ablest orators have selected words that contributed clarity and simplicity, as well as beauty, to their productions. Clarity and simplicity usually go together. The preacher whose literary style is as "clear as a bell," pellucid, if you wish, is to be congratulated. One cannot achieve clarity and simplicity without hard work, and even if beauty and picturesqueness be missing, clarity and strength go far to compensate the loss.

• *Overuse of Pet Words*

The temptation of public speakers to the overuse of pet words is widespread and insidious. The repetition of certain words, very good in occasional use, but very bad in constant employment, is a scourge that few of us have wholly escaped. Woodrow Wilson was a "lord of language," yet he loved certain words and phrases unwisely and too well. Study his speeches and observe the frequent use of "principles," "processes," "counsel," "visions," "must needs," "assess" used as a synonym of "appraise." Mr. Wilson was exceedingly fond of the phrase, "May I not." A clever after dinner speaker once referred to Mr. Wilson as steaming down the Chesapeake bay on the presidential yacht, Mayflower, at the rate of thirty "May I not's an hour."

Perhaps this is not a serious fault, yet it is one a public speaker should honestly try to correct. Here is a list I once made for myself of words to be used sparingly, because of my tendency to use them constantly: "memorable," "enrichment," "colorful," "luminous," "amazing," "great," "wonderful," "vibrant," "superb," "marvelous," "worthful." I said to myself: "Give these words a rest." "Choose synonyms. Don't overwork the words that come so readily to your lips." If I am mentally fresh and well prepared these words don't bother me, but let me be weary or hard driven, and they are at my tongue's end before I know it.

• *Extempore Speaking Is Dangerous*

Unless one has come to possess a choice and sizeable vocabulary, speaking extempore is to be avoided. Only by careful writing and persistent study can one be sure to select the right words and employ them wisely. It is the exceptional preacher who can afford ever to cease to write in full at least one sermon a week. It is fine discipline and pays big returns Important as a good vocabulary is in the matter of sermonic preparation and delivery, it is even more important in public prayer. Slipshod speech in public prayer is an offense against reverence, good taste, and the eternal fitness of things. Few ministers are naturally powerful in prayer, fluent and helpful. Beecher was; so was Spurgeon. Fosdick is. Most ministers are not. Preparation for public prayer, both spiritual and verbal, is necessary.

The most brilliant vocabulary possessed by a contemporary in the American pulpit is, in my judgment, that of Dr. Lynn Harold Hough. It is large, varied, opulent, and as scin-

tillating as the starry heavens on a winter night. Dr. Hough loves unusual words, words that send you post haste to your dictionary. Occasionally, he "makes a run" on certain words and persists in using them so frequently as to occasion comment; then having exhausted interest in these particular words, he lays them on the shelf and turns his affection to others. Thus there was a time when Dr. Hough favored "seminal," again "indubitable," and still again the Miltonic word "puissant," and once more "poignant." It is the exceptional public speaker whose vocabulary stands up under the strain of just one rare word after another. Dr. Hough's style is flashing, his epigrams pungent, and his wealth of allusions are taken from many flower-fields of literature.

"Chumminess With The Dictionary"

The average preacher cannot hope to acquire the vocabulary of a Hough, a Shannon, or a Cadman, but he can and should aspire to a vocabulary above the commonplace. Much writing, much reading, and chumminess with the dictionary will do the lovely trick. Let him beware of verbal triteness and long, lubberly sentences. Let him avoid big words or employ them sparingly. Let him read the accepted masters of style, the essayists both ancient and modern. Let him form the habit of looking up every new or strange word and making a memorandum of its meaning and pronunciation. Let him keep company with the master poets, and saturate himself in the glories of the King James version of the Holy Scriptures.

I am writing not as an expert but as an ardent amateur, as one who seldom if ever reaches the excellence that he fain would bid others strive to reach. I confess, however, that I am a lover of splendid phrasings. An apt allusion, a picturesque paragraph, or a brilliant epigram, is to me what a symphony concert is to passionate lovers of music. I find the study of words enchanting. Furthermore I have my favorites. I dearly love the words "lambent," "lyric," "immemorial," "roses," "reddening," "Arcady," "Edenic," "heroic," "mystical," "Pleiades," "patience," "mercy," "dreamer," "radiance," "angels," "eternal," "music." I am sensitive to the haunting beauty of such a sentence as this taken from Wendell Phillips' Phi Beta Kappa oration, "The Scholar in the Republic," "If the Alps piled in cold and silence be the emblem of despotism, we joyfully take the ever restless ocean for ours—only pure because never still."

• *Words for a Preacher's Black-List*

There are some words upon which I look with extreme disfavor. I detest the word "pulpiteer." There are those who use this word, believing it to connote great ability as a preacher, a master of pulpit discourse. But the word is really one of contempt and is so defined in the dictionary. It is a cheap word; it does not ring true. The word "pulpiteer" suggests to me another word that rhymes with it, to wit: "muleteer." If I wished to compliment or praise a minister, the last word I should choose to describe his pulpit gifts would be this word "pulpiteer."

I dislike the word "trenchant." It makes me think of fish hooks. It is harsh, unlovely. I much prefer "decisive" or "incisive." I should choose the synonyms "keen" or "biting." "Trenchant" is a word with a snarl. It is a cold word and it is impossible to qualify it so as to produce a suggestion of warmth.

I am weary of the word "outstanding" as a synonym for "distinguished," or "prominent." Miss Zona Gale holds that "intrigue" is the most annoyingly overused word. I would rank "outstanding" a close second. Still it has its uses—for example, "outstanding ears."

• *"Anent" and "Hectic"*

I detest the word "anent." It is a soulless word. It is flat and insipid. There is no music in it. It is an unnecessary word. It has a good deal in common with "apropos," though not precisely a synonym. A few recognized masters of English have used "anent," but not many. One has to go far afield to make out a case for "anent." As for me, I abominate the word.

I am troubled by the word "hectic" because of its persistent use as a synonym for "feverish." How often one hears or reads, "a hectic day," "a hectic summer." Somewhere along the way I am sure I have used this word in such a connection; but I do not propose to so use it again. It is true that the word "hectic" is used in connection with a fever, but it means a certain type of fever, not partaking of the nature of a fever. All the same, I fancy that writers and speakers will continue to use the word "hectic" in the sense of "feverish" for "an eon or two."

I am dreadfully afraid of the word "great." This word is always on my trail. It is a word that simply will not let me go. It is continually slipping off my tongue. I fear it will master me as thoroughly and devastatingly as the Lilliputians overwhelmed Gulliver and made him prisoner. Sometimes I resolve that I will write an article, make a speech, or preach a sermon without ever once using the word "great." But to date I have not yet achieved this notable distinction—I have a "great" fear I never shall.

• *The Etiquette of Good Speech*

Some years ago I came into possession of a book entitled "The Changing Values of English Speech," by Ralcy Husted Bell. It is now out of print and difficult to obtain. I commend it to all who are interested in the correct usage of words. From this volume I lift this paragraph:

"Our language is virtually a thing of life; it is nourished by the people it serves; it must flourish or decay, expand or shrink; it must grow clearer and more beautiful, or more complex and vague. Each one of us owes it a precise duty. No one has a right to sin against his mother tongue, and no one should be excused for so doing. Our words of daily use deserve and demand the same hygienic cleanliness that our persons deserve and demand. Beauty demands that they shall not be mutilated; utility demands that they shall not be confused; decency demands that they shall not be degraded; justice assures them consideration. It is as important to conserve the integrity and morality of words, as of people; indeed the morality in one case may largely depend upon that of the other. Clean speech is as wholesome as fine linen. Careful speech is a form of real etiquette. Beautiful words are better than royal purple."

Give me, of every language, first my vigorous English,
Stored with imported wealth, rich in its natural mines,
Grand in its rhythmical cadence, simple for household employment,
Worthy the poet's song, fit for the speech of man.

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WHO'S WHO in THIS ISSUE

DURING his preparatory school and college days, Rev. Ray Freeman Jenney was as well known for his athletic prowess as for his scholarship, and several years ago, when he was minister of the first Presbyterian church, Galesburg, Ill., he coached the Knox college football team. Dr. Jenney received his later education at Columbia university and Union seminary. During the war he served as chaplain and first lieutenant and was wounded in overseas service. He began his ministerial career as pastor of Faith Presbyterian church, New York City, and from that post went to Galesburg; following four years' service there he became head minister of the united religious work at the University of Pennsylvania. The past four years he has been pastor of Park Central Presbyterian church, Syracuse, N. Y.

Minister of the Methodist Episcopal church at Ridgewood, N. J., Rev. Karl K. Quimby is also chairman of the Newark conference board of education. Particularly interested in religious education—he pursued graduate work in education under Prof. H. H. Horne of New York university—Dr. Quimby has been active in young people's work in institutes and conferences; he has conducted several seminars for pastors at the request of the Board of Education of his church. For a time, also, he was special lecturer at Drew university.

Coming to the Madison Avenue Meth- odist Episcopal church, New York City, in 1905 as associate minister, Rev. Ralph W. Sockman after two years became its minister. He still presides over the activities of this church, which now worships in a new edifice that is not on Madison avenue; it bears the name "Christ church, Methodist Episcopal." Dr. Sockman received his educational training at Ohio Wesleyan, Columbia university and Union seminary.

From the time of his ordination in the Congregational ministery in 1892, Rev. Carl S. Patton held pastorates in Auburn, Me., Ann Arbor, Mich., and Columbus, O. In 1917 he came to First Congregational church, Los Angeles, and remained there until 1926, when he became professor of homiletics and practical theology at Chicago theological seminary. When he decided to return to the pastorate in 1929, his former congregation in Los Angeles asked him to take up again the leadership of their work; this he did, and is still pastor there. He was chosen as moderator of the Congregational national council in 1931-1933.

Wesley Memorial Methodist church, at High Point, N. C., to which Rev. G. Ray Jordan ministers, is famous for its missionary spirit: last year for the second time it took second place in Southern Methodism for its contributions to missions. Dr. Jordan received his A.B. degree at Duke university, his B.D. at Emory university and his A.M. at Yale.

Rev. George A. Fowler *has recently* begun work as minister of First Methodist church, Oak Park, Ill., following a five years' pastorate at Trinity Methodist, Kansas City, Mo. Earlier pastorates were at Tulsa and Stillwater, Okla.; he was also director of Wesleyan Foundation work at the A. and M. college, at Stillwater. For several years after his graduation at Drew seminary, Dr. Fowler was identified with the Anti-Saloon league in New York state.

Rev. Russell J. Clinchy *is minister* at Mt. Pleasant Congregational church, Washington, D. C.

Rev. Edgar DeWitt Jones *is min-* ister at Central Woodward Christian church, Detroit, Mich.

TITLES AND TEXTS

What Pulpit Readers are Preaching About

Louis J. Binder, Ward Street Presbyterian, Paterson, N. J. "The Call of the Crisis." John 14:31—"Arise, let us go hence."

H. Elliott Chaffee, Forman Methodist, Syracuse, N. Y. "Rethinking Religion." Matt. 5:21, 22—"Ye have heard that it was said to them of old times . . . but I say unto you."

Jackson E. Smith, First Presbyterian, Stillwater, Mich. "The Church—an Irritant or an Anesthetic?" Luke 23:5—"He stirreth up the people." Jeremiah 6:14—"Treating the wounds of my people slightly and lightly, saying 'All's well, all's well,' when all is not well." (Moffatt.)

Horace L. Villae, First Presbyterian, Winano, Miss. "The Way Out of the Slough of Despond." 2 Chron. 7:14—"If my people, which are called by my name, shall humble themselves, and pray, and seek my face, and turn from their wicked ways; then will I hear from heaven, and will forgive their sin, and will heal their land."

Joseph F. Gross, St. Paul Evangelical, Lebanon, Pa. "Anchors That Hold." Acts 27:29—"And fearing lest we should have fallen upon rocks, they cast four anchors out of the stern and wished for day."

W. R. Catton, Union Congregational, Montrose, Colo. "The Voice Behind." Isa. 30:20, 21—"And though the Lord give you the bread of adversity and the water of affliction, yet shall not thy teachers be hidden any more, but thine eyes shall see thy teachers; and thine ears shall hear a word behind thee, saying, This is the way, walk ye in it; when ye turn to the right hand and when ye turn to the left."

FOR YOUR SERMON TITLE AND TEXT

. . . . . .

Title of sermon

. . . . . .

Text used (Write out the text)

. . . . . .

Name of minister

. . . . . .

Name of church

. . . . . .

Address

The Editor's Page

The Event of the Month

THE trails of diplomacy all lead to Washington where President Roosevelt is receiving, one after another, the representatives of the world's leading nations to consider the economic condition which has engulfed them all. At the moment of writing, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald is a guest at the White House, and M. Herriot awaits his turn at the threshold. To what a pass has our civilization come! The old remedies are no longer effective. Indeed they only increase the illness of the suffering world. In the old days the tariff would have been raised higher; today tariffs are a major cause of our trouble. Formerly the gold standard was a protection; now it is a curse. Then, individual effort was the ground of hope; now society itself must become responsible. The old doctrine of laissez faire will not work, nor does the conceit of national self-sufficiency any longer apply. We are in a new world—an economy of abundance has displaced the economy of scarcity. The world is one. Its interests cannot be cherished in isolation. There must be cooperation, mutuality, give and take. It will be hard for us Americans to make the adjustment, but we will be wise to support those leaders who act for us on the principle that from now on the peoples of the world go up or down *together*.

Visitors at Washington

The Book of the Month

NATIONALISM—MAN'S OTHER RELIGION, *by Edward Shillito. Willett, Clark & Company, $1.50.*

THE author of this book probably has as large a following of readers among the Christian leadership of America as any contemporary Englishman. For nearly fifteen years he has been the British correspondent of The Christian Century, interpreting events and movements and personalities in his country in a manner that has made him seem like a personal friend. He dedicates this book to his "American friends" in recognition of the fact that it was on a recent visit to this country that he delivered lectures on this theme in many American universities. The timeliness of a book on Nationalism is obvious. We are witnessing today the logical fruitage of the Machiavellian principle that the nation is above the moral law and not subject to any ethical restraint. We are also witnessing the abject surrender of Christianity to the secular state—the outcome of a long history of compromises both theoretical and practical. Dr. Shillito sees Nationalism "like a faltering Titan" gathering all its powers for a supreme struggle with Christianity in the present age. He believes that the final outcome will be the defeat of Nationalism, but points out that its greatest damage to civilization will be done in its last convulsions. The book is a quiet, unsensational consideration of the subject. There is the note of preaching in it—it is not an academic treatment. Yet it is not strident preaching, but calm, dispassionate interpretation. Dr. Shillito shows how nationalism came to acquire the character of religion and how through its allurements even servants of the church were ready to subordinate their religion to their ambitions for their nation. He cites Richelieu as an illustration. A cardinal of the church, he encouraged Protestant powers to fight against a Catholic state, which was on political grounds a danger to France. Richelieu gave his nationalism precedence over his religion. In what he was bound to consider, by the teaching of his church, a struggle of life and death, Richelieu "cynically sided with the enemy of his church against its supporters in order to thwart the enemy of his nation." For the Christian minister, this little book is invaluable.

A Thought for the Month

ALL our churches have been under a tension of feeling and devotion during the ascent through Lent to Easter. It is the period when the historic realities of our Christian faith become most vivid. It is hard not to believe in Christ when we hear the muffled feet of millions moving toward the churches for prayer and spiritual renewal. Quite naturally the church makes of this season a time of decision, of conversion, of renewed consecration and of a fresh sense of companionship with Jesus. There is always net profit for religion in this annual emphasis upon the death and the resurrection of our Lord. But there is also danger in it—danger that it will be capitalized for merely institutional ends, such as the ingathering of members or the raising of money under the special stress of the Easter appeal. For many churches the Easter observance has become a substitute for the discredited revivalism of the earlier times. It contains the very peril which led to the abandonment of that revivalism—the peril of recruiting the church by unspiritual means. Protestantism greatly needs to develop a new technique of recruiting in which the ethical claims of the gospel will be stressed and the heroic side of the Christian life will be made clear. This note is not present in the conventional appeal for church members. It is not present because the church is not itself a heroic institution—it reflects all too comfortably the standards of secular society. We shall probably never have a genuinely spiritual and ethical technique of recruiting until our Christianity itself becomes more fully Christian.

After Easter

Charles Clayton Morrison

In the JUNE number of the Christian Century Pulpit •

Charles Clayton Morrison
Editor

SERMONS BY

HERBERT L. WILLETT, Community church, Kenilworth, Ill.
"Youth Confronts a New World"

CHARLES F. BANNING, Baptist church, Richmond Hill, N. Y.
"Life's Tests"

ALFRED W. WISHART, Fountain Street Baptist church, Grand Rapids, Mich.
"The Religion of Jesus No Opiate!"

ROGER EDDY TREAT, Bushnell Congregational church, Detroit, Mich.
"The Worship of an Extinct Fire"

GEORGE LAWRENCE PARKER, First Unitarian church, Toledo, O.
"Man's Second Chance"

M. H. LICHLITER, First Congregational church, Columbus, O.
"The Oil and the Flame"

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